

# Iter Oxoniense:

O R,

The going down of the **ASSES** to **OXENFORD**.

9. March. 1686

Since Muddiman the gainful Trade laid down,  
 Of writing a whole Sheet for half a Crown,  
 A thousand Scriblers have retail'd the Trade,  
 And News is now the Towns great Staple made.  
 Now, *Giles*! the *Caduceus* shall be thine;  
 Thou hast a specious Title to the *Nine*.  
 The Crow or Goose from which thou pull'st thy Quill,  
 Have g'n thee Seisin of *Parnassus Hill*.  
 Could'st thou till *May*, in Prose and Verse go on,  
 Thy Purchase would at last be *Helicon*.  
 Thou might'st enlarge thy small Retinue then,  
 And for thy one poor lousie Boy, keep ten.  
 Thou at thy *Bingo's* might'st resume the Chair,  
 And be thy self a *Speaker* there:  
 Thou might'st thy *Secretaries* keep, and give  
*Orders*, how much each one should write, to live.  
 Thy *Bingo's* house shall be thy *Pen*,  
 To keep thy *Porcupines*, thy *Satyrs* den.  
 From whence, could the poor *Scribbling Tribe* but still  
 Continue for to *Dart* their Quill,  
 And tender *Reputation* (if but wounded) Kill,  
 Thou need'st not be dejected at this Rate,  
 Nor claw thy head about *Affairs of State*;  
 Nor at this dismal Rate lament,  
 'Cause *Oxford's* to receive the *Parliament*.  
 Thy *Porcupines* when e're they write,  
 When they let fly, they hit the *White*;  
 When *Innocence* and *Loyaltie's* the Mark,  
 At such bright Butts they can discharge i'th' dark.  
 At *Rovers* let them shoot, no matter why,  
 Whether the Sheet contain a Truth or Lye,  
 The News, if false, is more like *Mercurie*.  
 Thy *Satyrs* may make bolder Sallics hence,  
 And *Ravish* Votes and *Speeches* thence;  
 'Faith this will do't, and will return the Pence.  
 But if the *Scholars* catch thy *Monsters* there,  
 They'll treat 'em with their sharp *Pig-marker* chear,  
 And send the *Sturdy Vagrants* back again,  
 With the safe *Pass-port* of the *Birken* train.  
 Necessity's the *Quiver* whence they draw,  
 Which has no more of Conscience than of Law.  
 Their feather'd Shafts their points to *Envy* owe;  
*Faction's* the twist that strings their Bow.  
 What, moody *Bingo*! come, the busie Bee  
 Now *Spring* comes on, abroad will flee,  
 And then, with what she gathers up and down,  
 Supply this greater *Hive* the Town.  
 Thy *Stock* with *Drones* will *Swarm*,  
 'Tis such as *Coffee-houses* warm,  
 Such as are useful, though they feed,  
 These cherish and maintain the Breed.  
 'Tis *News* and *Coffee* calls in these,  
 As *Sound* and *Ringing* does the Bees.

Alas! they sure our buzzing may forgive;  
 All that we aim at, is (like Men) to live.  
 We Car' not *siftings*, nor *bags of Honey*;  
 No, *Bingo*, we are all for ready *Money*.  
 And if perhaps sometime we do let fall  
 One word o'th' times, O straight we are all gall;  
*Cotton, Hill, Claypoole, Walden, Mills, and Pike*,  
 Who like unto *St. Dunstons Church-men* strike,  
 As I the greatest Motion, point the time,  
 'Tis by my *Trunk* such *Ivy* knows to climb.  
 There's *Piggot, Madder, Bill, and Mason* too,  
 With *Blear-ey'd Blackball*, and a hopeful *Crew*  
 Of *Hawkers*, such as do compleat my *Train*,  
 And never swing my *paper-Lure* in vain.  
 These, *Bingo*, do attend their *Monarchs* call:  
*News* is my *Province*, and I'm own'd by all.  
 These bring their *Tributes* when we please to meet,  
 Near th' *Ruines* of *St. Pauls* new shodden feet;  
 Which we *allay*, and coin first in our *Mint*;  
 We *Current* make't, by putting it in *Print*;  
 'Tis but a *Penny-Cheat*, if nothing's in't.  
 And why may'nt *Paper* go as well at last,  
 As *Leather-Money* did in *Ages* past?  
 At last, to make the *Parliament* compleat,  
 (For the whole Nation in that Body meet)  
 'Tis fit that we to *Oxford* should repair,  
 'Faith my *Camelions* choak for want of *Air*;  
 And tho' we halt, yet we still *Members* are.  
 Like *King-Fishers*, they fly along the stream,  
 But never brood, like them, when 'tis serene;  
 They rather *Porpus*-like in *Tempests* play,  
 And shew their Head more in the *March* than *May*.  
 But how my *Tribe* I shall to *Oxford* bring,  
 That *Canaan, Bingo*! that, ay that's the thing!  
 If you the *Royal Caravan* provide,  
 We all are then to our hearts with supply'd.  
 For at the least, *Retainers* to the Court  
 We shall be thought, and you'll get *Money* for't;  
 Thou shalt to th' *Crew* as frugal *Purser* go;  
 I have design'd it, and it must be so.  
 I have already furnisht out my House,  
 'Tis the old *Hall* of the fam'd *Mother Lowse*.  
 They lay a claim to't: as we creep along,  
 Thou'lt know we are at least one thousand strong.  
 Assur'd of *Trade*, provide thy self a *Room*;  
 My *Ans* will to their wonted *billock* come;  
 And there our labours shall increase thy heap,  
 And both a *Harvest* from the *Scholars* reap.  
 For we, like *Harlots*, when too common grown,  
 Find *Trading* quickest where we're most unknown.  
*Coffee* and *News* can never want a *Trade*,  
 Whilst both to Cheat the People can be made.

FINIS.

